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VERSATILITY.



HE late Gen. John W. Clous, U. S. A., in addition to an excellent record as a soldier, was distinguished for his knowledge of military law. He was Judge-Advocate General at the time of his retirement. He had been professor of law at West Point, and after the capture of Santiago he prepared a code of laws for the administration of that province. This is only a part of the record of a German immigrant who entered the army as a private in 1857.

It is the versatility shown by Gen. Clous which makes his career interesting for comment. He was a musician, a civil engineer, a soldier, and a lawyer. He began the study of law while yet in the ranks, devoting to it every moment he could spare from his duties. He became a major and a judge advocate simultaneously. As an instance of his all-

around accomplishments, while reconnoitring in Texas under Gen. Mackenzie he employed his engineering training in making a map of the "Staked Plains."

A career such as that of Gen. Clous refutes the old saw that the iack of all trades can be master of none. His life is an example of what may be done with the spare hours by the man who is economical of his time. In a nation which has practically adopted the eight-



hour law there exists an abundant leisure to follow some interest apart from the day's work—to master a language or fit one's self for a higher position or get a grounding in science or art. To do that is to put the hours of recreation to a use which is the best possible recreation for the

mental faculties, the change of occupation without the stagnation of idleness. To what profit the fragments of time may be put Lewis Morris's "Epic of Hades," composed during daily fourneys across London, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address, written on a train, bear

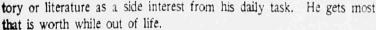
The cultivation of an accomplishment does something more than recreate the mind. It strengthens it by broadening the mental grasp and

keeps it sane by keeping out morbid thoughts that arise in idleness. The clerk by day who plays the 'cello in an orchestra by night has an anchor against despondency.

The youth who can sing and joins a choral society, or who can do a turn on the vaudeville stage, or teaches gymnastics or dancing after

office hours, fortifies himself against depression. It may be only "bridge," or golf, which has done wonders for Mr. Rockefeller's health, or postage stamp collecting. The result is beneficial. Men who follow fads find in them a fair recipe for hap-

But most to be envied is the man who can train himself to take delight in solider attainments, who devotes his leisure to science or the law and pursues a specialty in his-



STRANGE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL.

The Devil as a horned and tailed creature of repulsive aspect is as old as human conceptions of good and evil. It has remained for a modern playwright to endow Satan with drawing-room graces and to put him in the parlor as a more congenial habitat than hell. Popular interest in the new type of devil as portrayed on the New York stage makes Golden about a recent interesting domestic event, and Roy Atwell comes out for you never know when you need a thing like that. timely the illustrated life history of this personage in the Sunday World.

The romance of the "Cowboy Baronet" who recrossed the Atlantic Reddy the Rooter. after coming into his estate to claim a bride has a "heart interest" not often found in fiction. In the line of romance the tale of two portable houses at the seashore, the complications they caused, and the marriage engagement for which they were responsible makes a lively love story of the outing season. Other Sunday World features comprise a description of the historic castle of the Sagans, in which Anna Gould's second honeymoon is passed; the deeds of the Irish race in all quarters of the globe, and the patrol of New York harbor by Uncle Sam's marine police. There is an account of the "wickedest eyes" in New York and a picture of them. Have you a suggestion for a fantastic, amusing or shocking stage costume that has never been used? Theatrical managers will welcome it. Feminine readers will find a feature of special interest in the "egg mask," a facial omelet designed to remove the summer coat of tan and replace it with an ivory complexion.

Letters from the People.

Eighteen. See World Almanae. To the Editor of The Evening World:

How old must a boy he before he can learn the particulars? Minors eighteen years old may enter without parents' consent. No enlistments of any sort are permitted under

There Is No Such Home. To the Editor of The Evening World.

Story of "Home, Sweet Home." To the Editor of The Evening World: Who wrote "Home, Sweet Home?" enlist in the U. S. Navy? Where can I Was he or she American or English? In what year was it written? THREE SPANIARDS.

"Home, Sweet Home," was written in 1818, as a song in the opera "Clart, the Maid of Milan." The author was John Howard Payne, an American actor and Is there a home in New York for the dramatist, born at No. 38 Pearl street, midows of Civil War veterans? If New York City, From the age of thirto whom and where can I teen to the day of his death Payne was A SOLDIER'S WIDOW. a homoless wanderer.

Signs of the Zodiac---No. 4.



The Chorus Girl, Back in Town, Says: "Gimme New York And the Half Portion of Personal Liberty That Is Left Us

By Roy L. McCardell.

wo minutes when I meets a manager, who says. 'You're tomania again. the very one I've been looking for,' and signs me right enough to him to hear him through the partitions between Why, Louise Dresser, of course!" his private office and the ante-room saying he wasn't in.

away in a town of honest tollers, all the uncivilized virtues and dried huckleberry pie, like Altoona. "You go away thinking nobody is glad to see you and come back to find out they is. After hearing home talk

about what the minister said right out in church about trolley riding at night to the electric parks being the road to perdition, and how much money Uncle Howard had when he died, and where in goodness' name did he go to-I mean where did it go to.

"And you hear so much shop talk in Altoona, railroad shop talk. About how business is picking up on the Pittsburg Division, and how many laid-off crews has been called out, and the new yard engine—and all them local topics. A lady can't take a drink in Altoona without boing talked about, and the cop stops and looks in if he hears loud laughter in an ice cream parlor after 10 P. M. "No, gimme New York and the half portion of personal liberty that the new laws has left us.

"I can bear everybody's grouches and shed no tears of sympathy "F'rinstance, Louie Zinsheimer works on a system to beat the races by

mathematically making a Dutch percentage on the opening odds at the track, to be presented with a loving cup. and just as he gets it perfect all betting is sloughed.

"It's grand to get all the gossip in our set. How Georgie Cohan has them rehearsing one act of his play for the Galety while he's writing the next act! your watch, ha! ha!' And it ain't his watch, ha! ha! He has his own watch, gets. ha! ha! And now he's wondering who's to be arrested, him or his practical loker friend, ha! ha!

"And about Eddle Foy, who stops in front of the Lambs' Club with his new door opened. ifttle scarlet runner, and sits in the one-candle power machine telling Jack and says, 'What is it, Eddie?' meaning the motor, and Eddie says It's a boy!'

boat and a persistent party, who may not have a cent in the world for all she knows, comes after her with an umbrella and straps it on her dress-suit case EE, it's great to get away from New York for a saying, "There, now!" Just like that. And when she's ashore she starts to say While—you're so glad to get back!" said the Chorus 'How dare you tack your umbrella onto my baggage?" when he says, 'You were going off without your umbrella,' and she pipes it's all silk, with a gold and "I aint back from my girlhood home in Altoona, Pa., pearl handle," and hurries out ahead to avoid a scene and being accused of klep

"And them wheezes that go so good on Broadway, but which they don't get away. I didn't tell him he'd been a party I was looking if you spring them without an explanation in the home and fireside snares. for for three weeks before I went away, and only got near Such as: 'Who's the best dresser in "The Girls of Gottenberg?" 'Answer:

"Thank goodness I'm a quick study, for I had a speaking part in the new Broadway is sure a show for jaded people after being show. I said, Who can it be? in the first act and 'Let's pretend not to see and tear them off so that they make six pieces. Ticket choppers never it them!' in the last act. I got flowers, too. Some from Louis Zinsheimer and Able Wogglebaum, and the basket of roses Mamma De Branscombe and Amy sent me that I paid for myself.

"Then there was a big floral design that looked like a set piece emblem at the funeral of a popular politician.

"This was from an unknown admirer. I say unknown, because when I was introduced to him he didn't give his right name. He didn't put it on the check he gave the florist, either, and just as it was being handed over the footlights the florist's men came and grabbed it back, and a lot of people thought the star

was jealous and wouldn't let it come over. "Those in our set know better, however, and Mamma De Branscombe says ! is by them better disillusions that all confidence in human nature is shattered in the breasts of young girls and makes them hasty and unladylike in grabbing off everything they can get away with before articles that betoken fond esteem is found to be donated by four-flushers and fiends in human form that haven

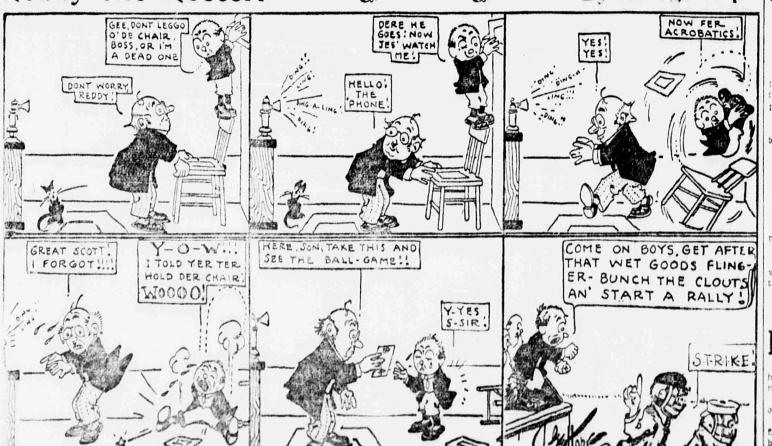
"We all had supper after the show, and Mamma De Branscombe said I ought

'Donald De Branscombe, who had rung in, and made a show of us at sup per, for soup should be seen but not heard, growled that he had one at home he'd give me, and he prized it highly, for when he was rendering the State some And how Richard Carle is out with one of them practical joker friends and the service in Indiana he didn't have luxuries like Harry Thaw, because the poor next day gets a Jurgensen repeater by express with a message saying, 'Here's man in jail might as well be in his own home for all the care and attention he

"So when we gets home he gives me the cup. It's tin and oval shaped, so you can be handed a drink between the bars without having to have your cell

"Donald De Branscombe said he carried it with him all the time he travelled "Oh, cup custard!"

By George Hopf.



TWELVE PET LIES OF HUSBANDS TO WIVES.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. V.—"I Can't Live Without You."



IFE with the other human creature we love divides itself into the hours when we think we can't live without him, and others when it seems equally impossible to live with him-or her, as the case may be. No. . in our series of the pet lies of husbands is by no means popular one. In fact, a great many more men should tell it than do. It is such a harmless little fiction and gives so much pleasure. Of course, we all know that civilized man has attained a degree of philosophy that enables him to exist in comfort away from everything except a laundry.

But as no wise woman ever forces a man to choose between his love and his clean collars, she may listen to his fervent "I can't live without you," not only with delight, but with some measure of credulity. He should

afford her every opportunity to do so.



Happy in His Love and His Laundry

There are many occasions when she Gradually, by force of much telling will hear in his most vehement accents. he, too, will come to believe it, and the "Oh, you're impossible! No self-re- moment two persons realize that they specting man could live with you!" cannot live without each other-after That it is only fair his amiable mood they have irled living together, of course. should restore domestic confidence by for experience alone gives value to prompting the softer utterance: "What such a statement-they will be apt to would I do without you? Why, I endeavor to make the compelling as-

sociation as pea eful as possible. lieve him to his hurt, that is, to the bands tell is distinctly salutary in efpoint of taking advantage of his sup- feet. It pleases him that to posed dependence. The least cynical of that hears it, and, if it is told often women has a wholesome belief in the enough, becomes the truth. And then instability of masculine affection that both live happy ever after.

Living in New York.

By F. B. Knapp.



the shortened tickets.

HE apartment-not flat any more-hunding season is fairly on. Van men estimate that a fifth of the population will move this fall.

You pay fifteen cents a quart for green apples which a few miles out the city farmers only consider fit for the

There is a real estate company in the Bronx which holds out as a lure for tenants a private playground for use of dwellers in their apartment houses. There are tennis courts and baseball grounds, and on Labor Day the men folk are going to hold field day events.

Astute Harlemites have discovered a new way of beating Mister Belmont out of a nickel. They buy twenty-five cents worth of subway tickets in a strip

The electric light companies cannot supply the demand for quarter meters. Housewives claim that they get more light for the money out of them.

When you don't live in an elevator apartment you are a "walk up." There

a growing aristocracy among the "ride ups."





Economical icemen use a saw in cutting their ice. Some housewives willingtinly purchase of ice men who chop their ice in the good old-fashioned way and the give extra good measure thereby.

Eric commuters, the most patient of the lot, are expecting great things when by he McAdoo tunnels to Jersey City are opened. The cutting out of the ferry he ide will get them to the city quicker.





If you go to the bottom of the stock of Evening Worlds that newsmen have on their stands you will often find a later edition of the paper than the ones displayed on top.

Sweet green corn is getting to be a rarity. The farmers who sell to New York are sacrificing sweetness in their corn to size.







the Public Service Commission is going to compel a return to the old schedule that they kindly allowed the company to shorten on the excuse that fewer people were riding during vacation time.

There is a new bromide to add to the list, namely: "How are they going fill all the skyscraper office buildings that are going up?"







Among the curious things seen in a Fifth avenue display window are autonobile goggles for dogs. New Yorkers read more newspapers than any other people in the world.

ery small proportion of the morning and night crowds in the cars are without their favorite sheet.

Great Men Heavy Smokers.

PRINCE BISMARCK was wont to boast that he had, in something like fits years, consumed over 100,000 cigars-a number that works out at an average

Edison must hold a superior record even to Bismarck. Ten cigars a day are

is normal allowance, but when deeply absorbed in work he finds double that imber necessary to stimulate his brain. Edwin Booth had an even greater record. Twenty-five cigars a day were at ne time his usual allowance—an allowance, however, not infrequently exceeded.

Three years since at Vienna there died in his seventy-third year a man who from his twenty-seventh year kept an exact account of his consumption of tobacco. In forty-five years he smoked no fewer than 628,712 cigars, or 13,971 a year, giving an average of over thirty-eight a day.